THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1804.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Extract of a letter from New-York to a gentleman in London.

"It is not easy to grow weary of the picturesque and various beauties of the borders of the Hudson river. In some places they are lofty and rugged, covered with pines and oaks, much more ancient than the discovery of this continent; in others they approach the river with a gentle declivity, ornamented with orchards and cottages. The spectator is continually surprised with the multitude of vessels proceeding up or down the river, according to the wind or tide. A stranger is particularly struck with the number of landing places, at those points where the navigation of smaller rivers falls into the Hudson river. These landing places are formed of one or more quays, along which the vessels lie, each being furnished with store-houses and cranes, for the purpose of loading and unloading their cargoes: so great are the branches of commerce, which augments yearly, being fed by the industry of the colonists of a fertile and extensive country, whose culture increases with a rapid pace, that more than 450 vessels, from 60 to 70 tons, are constantly employed in conveying to the capital (New-York) the productions of the harvests and of labor. Beside which, are frequently to be met on this river, immense floats of planks, masts and other timber, going to New-York, for the building of vessels. There is no port of the United States which so abundantly furnishes articles of commerce drawn from the interior of their prodigious dominion. But that which would be most interesting to your painters and naturalists, is the majestic passage of this river across a chain of mountains of seven leagues extent. In summer, especially, it is absolutely a fairy scene, of which I will, at some future period, send you a more particular account.—What is very extraordinary, is, that the tide flows 40 leagues beyond these mountains, there being 76 leagues of interior navigation from the sea, on this grand and beautiful river, from Sandy Hook to Albany. The Potowmac has but 57, from its mouth in the Chesapeak, to Alexandria; the extreme place to which the navigation extends from the sea.

Being on a visit at a plantation at Fishkill, at a small distance from the banks of the river, my host said to me—"I will shew you with what dexterity my *purveyors* will take the fish we shall have at dinner. Being arrived, in profound silence, at the last crag of a rock, on the edge of the river, and concealed by the thick foliage of lofty pines, we looked attentively on that part of the river which was before us; when at the distance of fifty toises behind a vessel, I perceived, in the midst of the stream, a sudden agitation of the water from which soon after a *fishing eagle (falco piscatorius)* arose with a fish in his talons, whose bulk and convulsive motion, seemed to retard his flight. Sometimes he mounted with great rapidity, then descended, and then mounted again. This struggle continued for some time, when he directed his flight, with a slow and solemn motion, towards his nest, placed on the top of a high tree, not far from our hiding place. At this instant, my host desired me to turn my eyes towards the fierce antagonist of this fishing bird, the *bald-headed eagle (falco leucocephalus,)* who, as I judged by the trembling of his wings, and his angry looks, was preparing to exercise the right of the stronger party. The *fishing eagle*, over-burdened with his prey, made no resistance, but dropped the fish as soon as he saw his enemy hovering over his head. The fish was on the point of escaping from this tyrant of the air, he had almost touched the water, when, with incredible velocity, he seized it without even wetting his wings. Proud of his victory, he was only a few paces from his nest, when my host made a loud noise at the foot of the tree, and intimidated by the unexpected sound, he let his prey fall, and perched on a neighboring tree.—This was a sea fish, weighing 21 pounds.

"'Tis thus said my companion, that every where, the weaker is the victim of the stronger. However, I would not banish these noble birds, whose motions, whose address, whose contests are so interesting to behold, from this neighborhood; and it is seldom I disturb them. I have done so now, only to exhibit to you a spectacle that must be new to you. As the corsair, who is bereft of his prize at the entrance of his port, on a new voyage, hoping to be more fortunate; so the fishing eagle again mounts into the air, darts into the water with the rapidity of lightning, whence soon he rises with new prey, which frequently he preserves from the voracity of his enemy, particularly when it is of a smaller bulk."

How piercing must be the sight of the *fishing eagle*, which from the height of 10,000 or 12,000 toises, can distinguish fish under the water? With what inconceivable address he directs his fall from such an elevation, and seizes the moving object below!

The *fishing-eagle* inhabits the banks of this river, 'till the species of fish, which was caught in the above instance, returns to the ocean; then the *bald-headed eagle* returns to its mountains, and its purveyor (the *fishing-eagle)* to the borders of the sea, where it lives without paying any tribute. The bird takes a very high and rapid flight, and its wings are long and pointed. More nice than other fishing birds, it eats only of such fish as itself takes, disdaining such as are cast on shore by the waves. The arrival of these birds up the river, points out to the farmer, the season of planting his maize.

AMUSING.

NEW MODE OF TEACHING ENGLISH.

AT a little school at Chapel in Weardale, an eccentric character has adopted the following method to teach the children their alphabet:—All the furniture in the school-room is made after the shape of the four and twenty letters; and if there be a difficult letter or two, he has that part of the furniture altered, to serve as a punishment in some shape or other. By this means, our informant assures us they are able to learn their letters in a few days.

Quere—May not the method of Father O'Prosody have suggested this to our Weardale sage? That he may not, however, be accused as a plagiarist, without the means of vindicating himself, we shall detail a sample of the Irish schoolmaster's impres-

sive lesson to the little puny whipsters of his school.

Addressing himself to the youngest scholar (who, by the bye, knew as much of the four and twenty letters as he did of longitude.) You little O'Shaughnessy, come hither vid yourself bring your primer in your hand, and your copper in your fist—blow your nose, and hold your head up like a man; arrah now don't be hunting the flies across the ceiling, but cock your eye, and look straight at your book.

You see that letter, which looks for all the world like the gable-end of your father's cabin, with a beam across it, now that is called A, agusee A;—and that letter, the next-door neighbor, is namesake to the little jontleman that sucks the flowers, fills the honey pots, and carries a long sting at his tail; that is master B, and B stands for blubber-lip; arrah now, what makes you pout out your lip so? Tuck in the selvage of your mouth, blow your nose, and hold up your head like a man. The next is for all the world like the sign of the half moon, where Judy Maglutery sells ale and whiskey; and that is called C, and C stands for coblers or coppers:—And you see that next, that is for all the world like the broken handle of a pair of snuffers, that is called D, and D stands for daughter, agusee blubber-lip cobler's copper daughter:—And the next is called E, which the English flats (botheration to them) call EE, as if there were two of them. By my soul, they may as well say, *cheek* handkerchief, instead of check handkerchief, though it was made for the *nose*; arrah, that's true, blow your nose again.

And the next that you see, that is like a gibbet, with a little plug half way up, for the hangman to set his foot upon,—(Heaven bless you my dear, and keep your mother's son from the like of it,' my jewel!) well that is called F, and that stands for five:—And that next is what the carmen say when they want their horses to go further, and that is called G.

And if any person should ask you now, which of your hands goes barefoot for want of a glove? you may say H, which is the same as both; and stands for horses, and J stands for jockies; and now my little fellow, agusee blubber-lip cobler's copper daughter eat up five gingerbread horses, jockies and all.—Oh! mercy upon us, what a devil of a twist I have for scholarship! Now, my jewel, I've taught you one-third of your lesson, and I'll teach you the other two halves when you have knock'd the first under your scallup!—So now run home vid yourself, before the scalpions ate up the butter-milk and potatoes, my jewel!

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

A POPULAR TURKISH TALE.

AN aged widow had an only son, who repeatedly transgressed the rules enjoined in the sacred Coran, to be observed by all true believers: he neglected the customary absolutions, he gave no alms, and ate meat before the stars appeared during the holy feasts of Ramadan,* 'when the gates of Paradise are open, and those of Hell are shut;' he intoxicated himself with opium and wine, and bowed not his body to the omnipotent ALLAH, the maker of the world.

His mother rendered superlatively unhappy by his misconduct, tried numberless methods to reclaim him without effect. At last, with great difficulty she prevailed on him, when he committed a bad action, to drive a nail in the wall of his chamber, and when he performed a good action, to take one out. In a short time the wall was nearly covered with the marks of his guilt; but the worst people may become the best. After a long time had elapsed he began to refrain from his evil courses, and conducted himself with so much propriety, that the nails gradually diminished, and were at last all drawn out,—of which circumstance he exultingly informed his venerable parent, who, with the greatest composure, addressed him as follows:

"My son," said she, "you have, it is true, dutifully attended my advice, and entered into the paths of virtue; but be not too proud that the nails are all drawn out, for the marks where they have been still remain; so, likewise, the odium of your former misconduct will not be erased from your character, unless you continue to pursue the road to the blessed waters of Paradise, and never replunge into the dreadful gulph of polution, from which you have fortunately escaped."

* *During the moon of Ramadan, the Mahometans neither eat, drink, smoke, nor wash their mouths, nor even swallow their spittle, until the stars appear in the firmament.*

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

LOVE is like the devil, because it torments us; like heaven, because it raps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper because it often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of man; like a prison, because it makes one miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides one to the wished for port; like a will o'th'wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a little poney, because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like every thing, and like no thing; often talked about, but never seen touched, or understood.

IMPROVEMENT.

A VERY ingenious young man, of the name of Smart, a journeyman tailor, of Tunbridge Wells, has invented an infernal machine, which, when placed in any part of contact against an invading force, is capable of destroying a thousand men in a minute. The expense I am told, will be small when compared with its utility. He has gone to explain to the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant of the county, the mode of his machine, and has met the general approbation of all the gentlemen volunteer officers in that neighborhood; the inventor is a volunteer himself, though a *tailor*. Should it meet the approbation of the Duke of Richmond, Smart will undertake to conduct it himself into the *centre* of the *enemy's legions*; the great merit in the construction of this machine is, that he can remain in perfect safety in the *centre* while he *deals death* and *destruction* to all around him, and he is capable of recharging it in ten minutes: and it can be moved with one horse, with the greatest facility, at the rate of eight miles an hour!!

THE PROMPTER.

"A Commentary on Common Sayings," &c.

From the Numbers never before Published.

PRIDE.

'*And Pride attends on all a Common Friend.*' POPE.

"LORD, what a proud, haughty prig our neighbor John is! always telling what he did in the army—how he commanded a platoon in such an action—how brave he was and suffered not a man to flinch. With two thousand such soldiers he would engage to take Cornwallis and all his army. I hate to hear such prating and boasting." Such was the language of Fumosa, when she was interrupted by her friend Cynthia. "Pray, Madam," said Cynthia, have you put up your curtains yet?" "O yes, replied Fumosa—after so many disappointments, I have got them at last. And what do you think they cost me? Why, they are the finest you ever saw. Ther's not another like them in town."—Fumosa had forgot her severe remarks on neighbor John's pride and ostentation.

Just as I was writing this, my broom-maker rapped at the door.—"Now," said he to my wife, for *she* manages household affairs, "this is the best broom I ever made. Upon my honor, madam, it is true. I always make the best of brooms, and this is my *very best*. Why, madam, I make brooms for all the gentry in New-York, Boston and

delphia. Try it, madam; it will out-half a dozen Dutch brushes."

ow, what is the difference in people, as eir pride and vanity? Is not self appro- n a common principle, and as complete e soldier as the general—in the broom- r as the minister of state? Does not ifference consist more in the extent of n's reputation, or the publicity of the on, than in the degree of pride possess- different persons? Is not every man lly proud in *his way?* Does not the yman in the pulpit and the lawyer at ar, delight to be admired for his elo- ce? Does he not cast around upon the nce a seeming careless look, to catch ye of approbation? But are these men proud than the cartman who drives a r horse than his comrade?

Bravo, cries Jonathan; my horse will a ton weight from the wharf to any of the town—three hundred weight than any other horse in town will ." He vaunts with an air of as much rtance as the college graduate, at the mations bestowed on his first oration or poem.

Look at this sloop, said a boatswain— a sailor! she sits on the water like a . She will run round any packet in the d. I can beat old Sam to atoms. We it last summer—I let him get well a l—then setting my topsail, flying jib, studding sails, I left him a stern in twen- minutes, and in two hours he was out of t."

ut how is it with the book-maker—is'nt more vain than any other man? Why, ed, an author to be good for any thing t be proud, if not a little vain. But, ye; why should an author have more e or vanity than other men? Are not all rts alike possessed of the passion of self and the desire of applause? Superiority ny acquirement, is the ground of self robation and the applause of others— y should not superior excellence in mak- a broom, or horse shoe, inspire as much e as the art of making verses, or writing ys? But there is a mighty difference be- en authors and other men:—The author mits the evidence of his pride to *record* he artist sounds his own praises in the ing air.—The fame and the foibles of one is extended and perpetuated—that he others is confined to narrow limits le he lives, and perishes with *him* and *neighbors.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

PATHETIC LETTER,

m a deserted Wife to a faithless Husband.

My Dear Husband,

WHO expected your return from Ame- with painful anxiety, who had counted slow hours, which parted you from me —think how I was shocked at learning you would return no more, and that you had settled with a mistress in a distant state. It was for your sake that I lamented. You went against my earnest entreaties, but it was with a desire which I thought sincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for our little ones, whom you said you could not bear to see brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the disappointment in not sharing the riches which I hear you have amassed; but I scorn it. What are riches compared to the delight of sincere affection? I deplore the loss of your love. I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and will, I am sure, as such mistaken conduct must, terminate in misery.

But I mean not to remonstrate.—It is, alas! too late. I only write to acquaint you with the health and some other circumstances of myself and those little ones, whom you once loved.

The house you left me in, could not be supported without an expense, which the little sum you left behind, could not well supply. I have relinquished it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretensions to elegance, but we live in great neatness, and by strict economy, supply our moderate wants, with as much comfort as our desolate situation will allow. Your presence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

Poor Emily who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you: and as she sits by my side, often repeats with a sigh, *When will my dear papa return?* The others are constantly asking me the same question; and little Henry, as soon he began to talk, learned to lisp, in the first syllable he uttered, *When will papa come home?* Sweet fellow! he is now sitting on his stool by my side, and as he sees me drop a tear, asks me why I weep, for papa will come home soon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking-cane, and take particular delight in it because it is papa's.

I do assure you, I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence; but I cannot prevail upon myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, though the question frequently extorts a tear, (which I hide in a smile) and wrings my soul while I suffer in silence.

I have taught them to mention you in their morning and evening prayers with their greatest ardor of affection; and they always add of themselves, a petition for your speedy return.

I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford them at any eminent school, and do not choose they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one.—As to English—they read alternately, three hours every morning, the most celebrated poets and prose-writers; and they can write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome. It affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed, if it were not for the little ones, I am afraid I should not support it.

I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear that by retrenching our wants and expenses, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy, and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

Pardon my interrupting you. I mean to give you satisfaction. Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of. And am, your once loved and still affectionate **********

—

VICE appears more disgusting in a woman than in a man. The superior whiteness of her character, when compared with the other sex, discovers every spot which it receives. Vice, fastening on a woman, appears in all its malignity. We view it as a "hog in a flower garden." We behold with keen regret the prostration of whatever is lovely, delicate or beautiful in the human soul.

Lancaster, *April* 18, 1804.

—

Married, on Tuesday the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, *Samuel Culbertson*, Esq. of Chambersburg, to Miss *Ann Boyd*, daughter of Samuel Boyd, Esq. deceased, formerly of this borough.

———, on Tuesday evening, the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sample, Mr. *James Humes*, to Miss *Ann Crane*, both of this borough.

—

[*From late London Papers.*]

THE ladies have adopted part of the military dress, but appear to have made very small progress in the military discipline.—They do not even go so far as to *cover arms.*

—

LINES on reading a paragraph, stating the marriage of Mr. T. Young, to Miss Ann Beard, both of Ishington, near London.

No more let scandal's busy tongue,
Deride the *youth* of Tommy Young;
For *that* no longer can be fear'd
Since Tommy now hath got a *Beard.*

—

THE late Doctor Brown courted a lady several years unsuccessfully; during which time it had been his constant custom to drink the lady's health before that of any other: But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman wishing to remind him of it, said—Doctor, come drink your usual toast. The Doctor replied—I have toasted her for several years and can't make her BROWN, so I'll toast her no longer.

POETRY.

THE PARTING.

OH God! it is no very easy task
To shake the hand, to articulate "adieu!"
When the soul's meaning spurns the specious mask;
And gives the last, last look, to speechless feeling
For friendship never could its sense express, [true;
Nor warmer love its pang of parting tell;
But oft the hand, extended to caress ["farewel!"
The lip of swerveless faith, where loiters long—
Like coward flies—nor take the grappling grasp
Of that close, clinging, following fool—the heart
No, yet affection's wild and bosom clasp, [part.
With kiss of honey'd glue that knows not how to
Yes! I have fled full oft, and smother'd with a smile
A heart with anguish rent—weeping life's blood the while!

THE RETURN.

THE same keen sense that barbs the pang to part,
Points the wild rapture when return draws nigh,
When bosoms beat to bliss, warm heart to heart,
Hand grappling hand, and eye encountering eye,
The round tear sliding down the burning cheek,
In sweet elysium lapt the speechless powers;
Or eyes suffus'd that eloquently speak, [ers!
Shining like summer's suns thro' May's soft show-
Then, then it is that souls of purer fire
Snatch the rare rapture sacred to the few;
The clinging kiss—the chat unknown to tire,
And blest embrace which *dullards* never knew.
Oh! let me count not life by days and years,
But smiles of sweet return through *separation's* tears!

LOVE SONG,

ADAPTED TO MODERN TIMES.

BOAST not to me the charms, that grace
The finest form, or fairest face;
Shape, bloom, and features I despise;
Wealth, wealth, is beauty to the wise.

Come then, O come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring;
Oh! bring the deeds of thine estate,
Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate.

Still keep unseen those auburn locks,
And yield thy treasure in the stocks;
Oh! hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy iron chest.

Thy guineas shame the blushing rose,
Which in those cheeks unheeded blows;
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds, and scrip.

EPIGRAM—To a Physician.

YOU say you doctor'd me, when lately ill,
To prove you did not—I am LIVING STILL.

ODE FROM ANACREON.

[MOORE'S TRANSLATION.]

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervor of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus, while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile,
With mantling cup and cordial smile,
And shed from every bowl of wine,
The richest drops on Bacchus' shrine!
For death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

ANOTHER.

I PRAY thee, by the Gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"
Alcæmon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Oresfes too, with naked tread,
Frantic pac'd the mountain-head;
And why? a murdered mother's shade
Before his conscious fancy play'd.
But I can ne'er a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet I can rave in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night."
The son of Jove, in days of yore,
Imbru'd his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy,
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
No weapon but this flask of gold:
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
Yet, yet can sing with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night."

THE CONTENTED MAN.

SOME have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give:
They lack, I lend: they pine, I live.

[We seldom see lines containing more exqui... sentiment, or possessing more poetic merit t... those which are subjoined.] Gen. L...

VERSES,

Written in consequence of the author's be... reproached for not weeping over the d... body of a female friend.

COLD drops the tear which blazons common w...
What callous rock retains its chrystal rill?
Ne'er will the soften'd mould its liquid show...
Deep sink the waters that are smooth and s...

Ah! when sublimely agoniz'd I stood,
And memory gave her beauteous frame a sigh...
While feeling triumph'd in my heart's warm bl...
Grief drank the offering ere it reach'd the ey...

TO A FLY,

who destroyed itself by entering a lady's e...

GIDDY trifler, cease thy strife,
Turn thy wing, and save thy life;
Should'st thou enter Clara's eye,
That might suffer, thou must die.

Is a summer's day too long
For thee to live thy tribes among?
Is there not, in all the air,
Room enough, and room to spare?

Wilt thou buzz about her still;
Silly creature, take thy will;
And warn all triflers, as you die,
What dangers lurk in Clara's eye. LEUKI...

The following beautiful LINES, transla... from the German of Lessing, are extra... ed from the Port Folio.

I ask'd my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay,
By what sweet name, from Rome or Greece,
Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,
Dorimene or Lucrece?

Ah! replied my gentle fair,
Beloved, what are names but air?
Take thou whatever suits the line,
Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris—
But don't forget to call me—THINE.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

To town subscribers, and country sub... scribers who receive their papers in tow... TWO DOLLARS per annum—payable in h... yearly advances.

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